MARVEL
SPIDER-MAN #1
ENTER THE SPIDER-VERSE
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PLUS:
A SPECIAL PRESENTATION OF
SPIDER-MAN #1
MILES MORALES' FIRST STORY
IN THE MARVEL UNIVERSE!
RATED T+

SPIDER-MAN

After a dangerous family of interdimensional vampires known as the Inheritors started hunting spiders across dimensions, Spider-Men and Women from around the Multiverse banded together for their own survival. Many fell in the conflict, but a small band of those who survived use their powers to do good where they can. When the need arises, and there's trouble in the Multiverse, the WEB-WARRIORS will team up to . . .

ENTER THE SPIDER-VERSE

RALPH MACCHIO
WRITER

FLAVIANO
ARTIST

ERICK ARCINIEGA
COLORIST

VC's TRAVIS LANHAM
LETTERER

EDUARD PETROVICH
COVER ARTIST

MATTHEW WAITE
VARIANT COVER ARTIST

MARK BASSO
EDITOR

NICK LOWE
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

C.B. CEBULSKI
EDITOR IN CHIEF

JOE QUESADA
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN BUCKLEY
PRESIDENT

ALAN FINE
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

SPIDER-MAN CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO

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Earth-177.
ONE OF COUNTLESS EARTHS ALL CONNECTED TO A MULTIVERSAL WEB OF LIFE AND DESTINY.
NOW, A PINPRICK OF LIGHT APPEARS IN THE SKIES ABOVE THIS WORLD'S GREATEST METROPOLIS--NEW YORK CITY...TWELFTH AVENUE TO BE EXACT.
THROUGH THE ENLARGING APERTURE, A QUINTET OF HEROES WILL APPEAR SUCH AS THIS REALITY HAS NEVER SEEN...
...DIVERSE IN BACKGROUND, YET UNITED IN A SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE AND DESIRE FOR JUSTICE.
THEY ARE KNOWN FAR AND WIDE AS--
WEB-WARRIORS--WE MADE IT!
WHAT--NO WELCOMING COMMITTEE? WE MAKE A GRAND ENTRANCE AND NOBODY'S AROUND TO SEE IT? NUTS!
I HEAR YA, GHOST-SPIDER! IT'S LIKE MY BAND THE SPIDER-SLAYERS GIVING A CONCERT IN AN EMPTY CLUB.
COME ON, SPIDER-PUNK. IT'S NOT MY FAULT THE WRIST TELEPORTERS TOOK US TO A SPARSELY POPULATED PART OF THE CITY.
SHOULDN'T WE HAVE A BATTLE CRY LIKE THE AVENGERS? HOWZABOUT "WEB-WARRIORS WOW?!" MAYBE "WEB-WARRIORS WHA?"
HELP ME OUT HERE.

SERIOUSLY, GUYS, WE'RE HERE TO LOCATE AN EXTRADIMENSIONAL CREATURE NAMED GOG.
REED RICHARDS OF MY EARTH TRIED SENDING HIM BACK HOME A FEW YEARS AGO AFTER HE'D GOTTEN MIXED UP WITH SOME BAD DUDES.
AND IF THESE READINGS ARE RIGHT... HE WOUND UP HERE.
WHY DO YOU NEED TO FIND OUT WHERE HE IS, PETER?
WELL, I'VE ALWAYS FELT SORRY FOR THE BIG LUG. HE WAS JUST AN INFANT WHEN I FIRST ENCOUNTERED HIM...CONSTANTLY BEING MIND-CONTROLLED BY ONE SUPER-BADDIE AFTER ANOTHER.
IT'D BE NICE TO SEE IF HE'S MATURED SINCE I LAST SAW HIM...MAYBE MELLOWED OUT WITH AGE.
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU PEOPLE, BUT MY SPIDER-SENSE IS STARTIN' TO ROCK!
MINE, TOO. COULD BE THAT HUUUUGE SHADOW OVER US HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.
JUST GUESSING.
RRRAAGGGH!
UH-OH. IF THIS IS YOUR BUDDY, PETER, I DON'T THINK AGE HAS MELLOWED HIM.
MAN! FOR A BIG SUCKER-- HE MOVES FAST!
GOG--WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT! GOG--EASY!
GAAAH! THERE'S NEVER A GIANT PACIFIER AROUND WHEN YOU NEED ONE!

THEY DON'T CALL US WEB-WARRIORS FOR NOTHING-- SO TIME TO MAKE WITH THE WEBS WHILE WE'RE WARRING.
THWIP
THWIP
HE SEEMS INTENT ON ATTACKING US FOR NO REASON! I'VE PUT US ALL IN DANGER.
DON'T LET HIM GRAB YOU, SPIDER-HAM!
I GOT IT COVERED, BOSS! AND I MEAN THAT LITERALLY.
THWIP
IN GOG WE TRUST!
RALPH MACCHIO writer FLAVIANO artist
ERICK ARCINIEGA colorist VC's TRAVIS LANHAM letterer
EDUARD PETROVICH cover artist

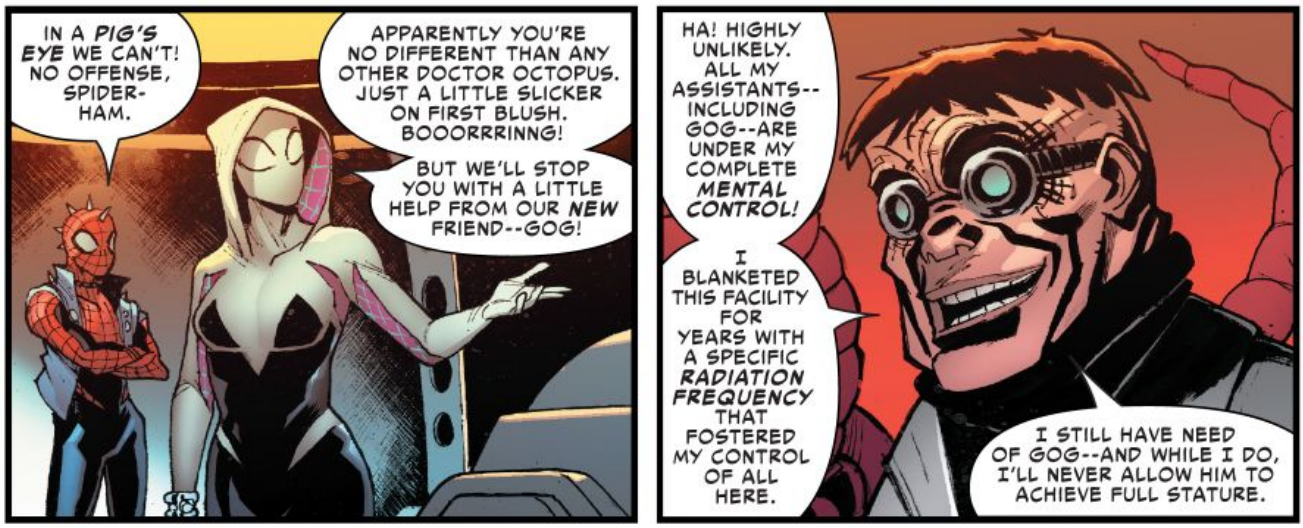
STAY AWAY FROM THAT TAIL! IT'S LETHAL!
SWAK
NOW YOU TELL M-- UNNGH!
WHOUFF!
KRAAAKK
AAAGH!
THAT DOES IT! WE COULD BE FIGHTING HIM ALL DAY.
I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT ABSOLUTELY CLEAR WE'RE NOT HOSTILE. SOME GESTURE HE CAN'T MISCONSTRUE.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
YOU CAN'T APPROACH HIM ALONE. HE'LL KILL YOU! I LOST THE PETER PARKER ON MY EARTH. I COULDN'T BEAR TO LOSE YOU, TOO.
I APPRECIATE THE CONCERN, GWEN. BUT I GOT YOU ALL INTO THIS MESS, SO I'M GETTING US OUT.

SEE, GOG, I'M NOT ATTACKING. MY ARMS ARE DOWN. I JUST WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU. TAKE IT EASY.
KILL YOU! K-KILL YOU...
NOOO... PAIN... HURTS...
STAY BACK. HE'S FIGHTING A MENTAL BATTLE WITH HIMSELF.
GOG, REMEMBER ME--SPIDER-MAN? WE MET BACK ON MY EARTH WHEN YOU WERE AN INFANT UNDER THE CONTROL OF KRAVEN THE HUNTER.*
THEN OTHER EVIL MEN ENSLAVED YOU UNTIL REED RICHARDS SHRUNK YOU AND TELEPORTED YOU TO WHAT HE HOPED WAS YOUR HOME DIMENSION.
THOUGH I GUESS YOU DIDN'T QUITE MAKE IT HOME.
SPIDER-MAN... KRAVEN...REED RICHARDS...?
SPEED LIMIT 35
*WAAAAY BACK IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #103. --BACK-ISSUE BASSO
CAN'T FOCUS-- CAN'T--
--OHH! MEMORIES ALL JUMBLED.
...YES. YES! IT'S COMING BACK NOW!

YES, I--I RECALL MY INFANCY ON YOUR WORLD. RICHARDS GAVE ME BACK MY TELEPORTATION BRACELETS AND SHRUNK ME.
WHOA, HE'S GOT A VOCAB AFTER ALL.
HE IS A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST AND WAS ABLE TO TELEPORT ME BACK TO MY NATIVE DIMENSION. MY RETURN DID NOT LAST.
I APOLOGIZE FOR ATTACKING YOU, BUT HARSH MEMORIES KICKED IN WHEN I SAW THE SPIDER-MAN UNIFORMS, AND I REACTED ON INSTINCT.
APOLOGY ACCEPTED. I'M GUESSING YOU WERE FORCED TO LEAVE YOUR HOMEWORLD?
EXACTLY. YOU SEE, MY RACE, THE *TSILN*, REJECTED ME BECAUSE OF MY DIMINUTIVE SIZE.
RICHARDS, OF COURSE, DID IT ONLY TO FIT ME INTO THE MACHINE USED TO TELEPORT ME. I DO NOT BLAME HIM.
BUT I WAS NOW A FREAK, AN OUTCAST. EVEN TO MY OWN FAMILY.
I THOUGHT I'D BE ABLE TO REGAIN MY HEIGHT, BUT I COULDN'T.
AND SO I USED MY OWN WRIST TELEPORTERS AND WOUND UP IN THIS DIMENSION. IT WAS AN ARBITRARY LOCATION, BUT, ULTIMATELY, A FORTUNATE ONE.
ONCE I ARRIVED HERE, ALONE AND FORLORN, A WONDERFUL MAN--A GENIUS--TOOK ME IN AS A *SON* AND GAVE MY LIFE MEANING.
YOU MUST MEET HIM!
WELL, SURE. IF HE'S GOT ROOM FOR FIVE MORE AT DINNER!
OF COURSE! COME NOW, FRIENDS. AND LET ME INTRODUCE YOU...

"...TO THE MAN WHO IS HELPING ME REACH MY FULL POTENTIAL!"
One hour later,
AT AN ENORMOUS SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH COMPLEX IN UPSTATE NEW YORK...
LOOK AT THIS-- MILES AND MILES OF CORRIDORS. WHAT TYPE OF RESEARCH GOES ON HERE, GOG?
YOU'LL SOON SEE. WE'RE NEARING THE CENTRAL LABORATORY.
SAY, GOG, DO YOU HAVE A LAST NAME?
IS ONE NECESSARY?
EVVVVERYBODY'S A COMEDIAN!
THERE HE IS...THE MAN WHO TOOK ME IN AND MADE ME FEEL VALUED.
QUITE A SETUP THEY HAVE HERE.
FATHER, I HAVE BROUGHT GUESTS. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND.
NO. WAY.
I-IT CAN'T BE! THAT'S--
--DOCTOR OCTOPUS!

UMM, PLEASE EXCUSE THE OUTBURST, DOCTOR, BUT, YOU SEE, BACK ON THE EARTHS WE COME FROM, OTTO OCTAVIUS IS A NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL. AND SO--
SO, SEEING ME, YOU QUITE NATURALLY ASSUMED I, ALSO, WAS A CRIMINAL MASTERMIND. ACTUALLY, I AM BUT A HUMBLE RESEARCHER DEDICATED TO THE BETTERMENT OF MY FELLOW MAN.
IN MY STUDIES, I HAVE COME ACROSS TALES OF ALTERNATE UNIVERSES.
THUS, I AM AWARE OF THE VILE BEHAVIOR OF MY COUNTERPART OCTAVIUSES FROM VARIOUS EARTHS. NOW TELL ME, WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE?
THEY CAME SEEING AFTER MY WELL-BEING, FATHER. THEY WANTED TO KNOW IF I HAD REACHED HOME SAFELY AFTER MY IMPRISONMENT ON EARTH-616.
I SEE. WHAT IS YOUR METHOD OF TRANSPORT?
WELL, DOC, WE GOT THESE NIFTY OL' WRIST TELEPORTERS THAT TAKE US TO EXACTLY THE EARTH WE WANT TO GO.
LET ME EXAMINE THAT. HMM...VERY INTERESTING CONFIGURATION...LOCATION-SPECIFIC CIRCUITRY. MARVELOUS.
COMES IN DESIGNER COLORS, TOO.
I'VE EXPERIMENTED WITH GOG'S TELEPORTATIONAL WRISTBANDS, THOUGH THEY ARE IMPRECISE. HOWEVER, WITH YOUR HIGHLY ACCURATE WRIST DEVICES--
--I COULD EFFECTIVELY TRAVEL TO OTHER EARTHS AND RECRUIT MY FELLOW OCTAVIUSES FOR AN ASSAULT ON THE MULTIVERSE.
OH BOY, MY SPIDER-SENSE IS DOING DOUBLE TIME.
YOUR DANGER-RELAYING SENSES ARE NOT IN ERROR. YOU SEE, SINCE I TOUCHED THE ONE WRIST DEVICE, THIS VERY MACHINE HAS BEEN COPYING THE DATA NECESSARY FOR ME TO PRODUCE AS MANY OF THEM AS I CHOOSE.
AND THERE IS NOTHING YOU BUFFOONS CAN DO ABOUT IT.


IN A PIG'S EYE WE CAN'T! NO OFFENSE, SPIDER-HAM.
APPARENTLY YOU'RE NO DIFFERENT THAN ANY OTHER DOCTOR OCTOPUS. JUST A LITTLE SLICKER ON FIRST BLUSH. BOOORRRINNG!
BUT WE'LL STOP YOU WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM OUR NEW FRIEND--GOG!
HA! HIGHLY UNLIKELY. ALL MY ASSISTANTS--INCLUDING GOG--ARE UNDER MY COMPLETE MENTAL CONTROL!
I BLANKETED THIS FACILITY FOR YEARS WITH A SPECIFIC RADIATION FREQUENCY THAT FOSTERED MY CONTROL OF ALL HERE.
I STILL HAVE NEED OF GOG--AND WHILE I DO, I'LL NEVER ALLOW HIM TO ACHIEVE FULL STATURE.

GUESS WE JUST HAVEN'T BEEN IN YOUR OCTOPUS' GARDEN LONG ENOUGH TO SAP OUR WILLS TOO.
IT'S ALMOST SECOND NATURE FOR SPIDER-MEN TO TAKE YOU DOWN ON ANY EARTH, OCK.
YEAH. WHAT HE SAID, GOGGLES!

GENTLEMEN, LET'S SHOW THESE INFERIOR SPIDER-MEN WHAT THEY'RE UP AGAINST.
TRANSFORM, MY--
--SINISTER SIX!

OKAY, YOU CAUGHT US NAPPING, OCK. BUT YOUR LITTLE SEXTET ISN'T THE ONLY GROUP IN TOWN.
WEB-WARRIORS, COMMENCE--
--FORMATION TOTEM POLE!
I LOVE THIS MANEUVER-- I'M FINALLY TALL ENOUGH TO SEE OVER THE BAD GUYS!
HOLD IT, HAM. NOW, TROOPS, PICK AN OPPONENT--
--AND LET THESE WEBS DO THE TALKING!

I'LL RIP THIS INEFFECTUAL WEBBING APART AS IF IT WERE PAPER!
YEAH-- WELL, THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM, DOC!
THE VULTURE IS GOING TO FEAST ON YOUR BONES, SPIDER-THING!
SAVE THE FEASTING FOR ALL THE BIRDSEED THEY'LL BE FEEDING YOU IN THAT NICE, COZY CAGE I'M SENDING YOU TO!
ONCE I AM FREE, YOU'LL TASTE THE STING OF KRAVEN THE HUNTER'S WHIP!
SOUNDS REAL APPETIZING.
BUT I'M ON A STRICTLY NO-WHIP DIET. GOTTA WATCH THE CALORIES.
I'LL FRY YOUR WEBBING AND THEN FRY YOUR FACE, SPIDER-BABE!
PROMISES, PROMISES. I'VE TAKEN DOWN A DOZEN LAME ELECTROS ON LOOMWORLD.
YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER ONE TO SHORT-CIRCUIT.
THE RHINO AIN'T GONNA BE SLOWED DOWN BY A BUNCHA COBWEBS, PORKY!
THAT WAS JUST A LITTLE DISTRACTION, HORNHEAD.
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET, LIKE THE HAM SAYS! SPIDER-HAM!

AM I SUPPOSED TO BE IMPRESSED WITH THAT MACHO POSE, ELECTRO-LITE?
KEEP BLABBING, SWEETIE, WHILE I GATHER UP ALL THE ELECTRICAL CURRENT I NEED--
--TO DO THIS!
C'MON, I CAN DODGE THOSE DOPEY BLASTS IN MY SLEEP.
K-ZAP
SEE?
NO CIGAR, BEAK NOSE! Y'KNOW, I'VE GOT IT IN FOR YOU VULTURE TYPES BECAUSE BACK ON EARTH-138--
--TOOMESTONE RECORDS BOUGHT UP THE RADIO-FREE MEDIANET, SO ME AND THE SPIDER-SLAYERS HAD TO PAY FEES TO DO CONCERTS! EVERYBODY WANTS A PIECE OF ME!
I WANT SEVERAL PIECES OF YOU, SPIDER-MAN... STARTING WITH YOUR THROAT!
AND WITH AN AIM AS POOR AS YOURS, IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I HAVE IT!
THWIP THWIP

I HAVE TAMED THE MIGHTIEST CREATURES! I SHALL HAVE LITTLE TROUBLE WITH AN INSECT!
SWIPP
UNNGH!
SWAKK
GIMME THAT THING, KRAVEN! YOU MIGHT HURT SOMEONE--LIKE ME!
THIS IS THE MACHINERY DOC OCK SAID WAS COPYING OUR WRIST TELEPORTER DATA.
SO IF I CAN JUST HANG LOOSE IN FRONT OF IT FOR A BIT, ELECTRO'LL TARGET ME WITH A BIG, BEAUTIFUL ELECTRICAL BLAST.
ZZZAAKK
KA-BOOOM
BULLLL'S-EYE! NOW OCKIE HAS TO COME UP WITH HIS OWN TELEPORTER DESIGN. AWWW.
YARRGH!
OOH, GOTTA BE FASTER THAN THAT, BUDDY!

WHERE YOU GOIN', BIRDIE?
MAYBE YOU JUST NEED A CO-PILOT.
GRRRR!
...NO, YOU FOOL! I'LL SLAM INTO ELECTRO!
ON SECOND THOUGHT...I THINK I'M TAKING MY PARACHUTE.
YAHHH!
WRAMM
NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN *PRY* THE *SPEAR* OF *KRAVEN* FROM HIS FINGERS!
KEEP ON BRAGGING, BIG MAN. YOU'RE FACING A GUY WHO TOOK DOWN MEPHISTO'S FREAKIN' SON--*BLACKHEART!* YOU HEAR THAT?
COMPARED TO HIM, JUNGLE JIM, YOU AIN'T--
--NOTHING!
NOOOOO!
GUESS I GET TO *SKEWER* THE LITTLE GUY. LOVE IT!

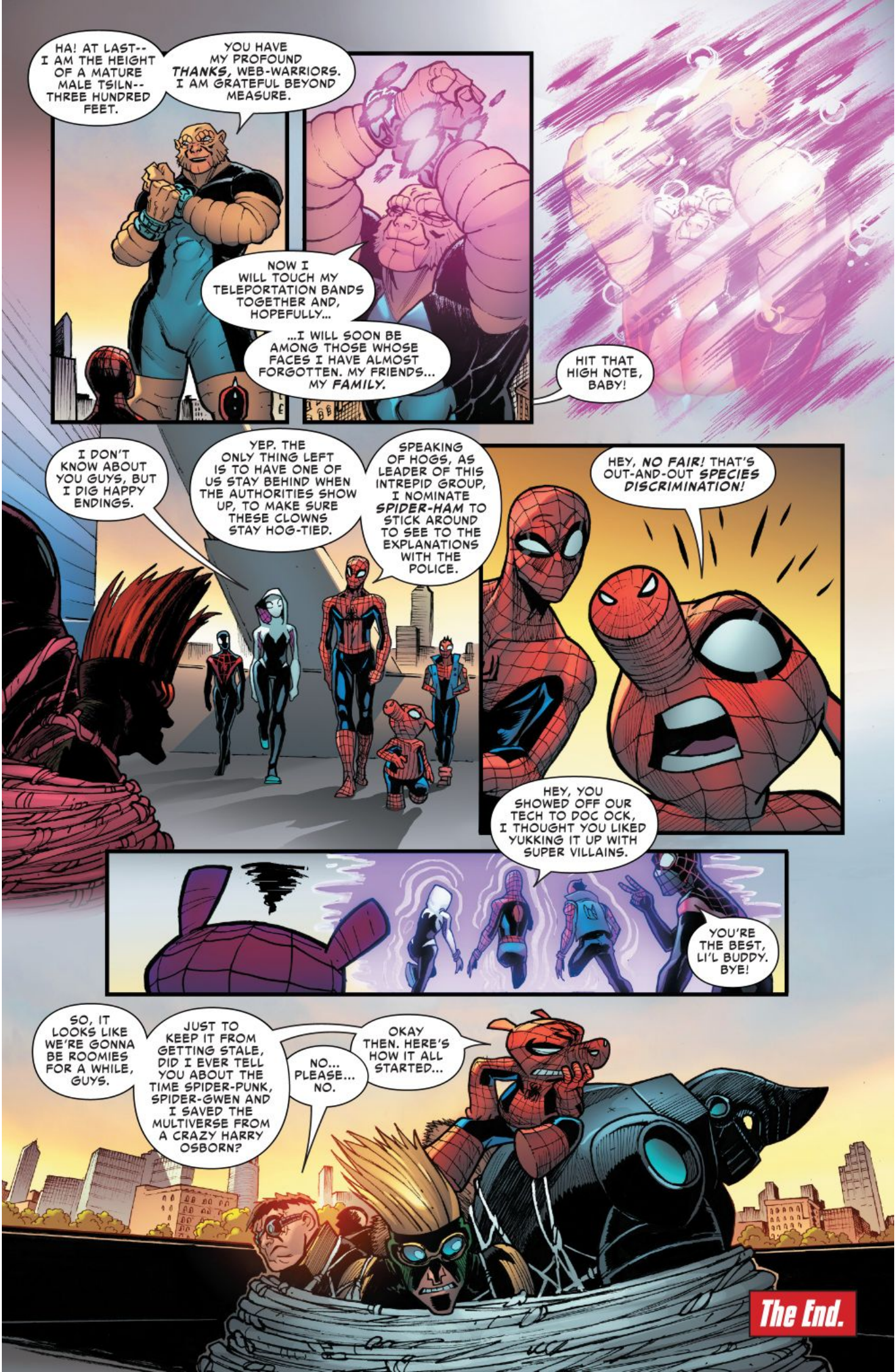
HEY, WHERE'D YA GO, SQUIRT?
I JUST REMEMBERED A DENTIST APPOINTMENT. TWO CROWNS AND A FILLING. EUGGH!
YOU AIN'T GONNA HAVE ANY TEETH WHEN I GET DONE WITH YOU, OINK OINK!
BET THIS IS THE FIRST TIME A RHINO EVER GORED A PIG! HAW!
HEY! I'M MORE LIKE A WILD BOAR, BUD! THINK TWICE ABOUT THIS. C'MON.
CRUNCH
OOF!
ANYONE GET THE NUMBER OF THAT MACK TRUCK?
OOH, BOY!
NNNGH!
THWUNK
THANKS FOR THE SAVE, SPIDEY, BUT I HAD IT COVERED. I WAS JUST SETTING THE MAN UP FOR MY TRUSTY WINDUP!
YOUR WHAT?
YOU JUST HANG BACK AND WATCH THE FIREWORKS!

LAST TIME I USED OL' RELIABLE WAS ON A DUCKTOR DOOM ROBOT FROM 2099. DON'T ASK.
HE'S STILL PICKING UP HIS RIVETS.
PWANG
RNNNN...
WHAT'D YOU SAY? WANT ANOTHER PIG'S KNUCKLE SANDWICH?
WHOA! YOU'VE GOT TO TEACH ME THAT TECHNIQUE, SPIDER-HAM.
CAN'T DO, PAL. EVEN I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME SECRETS, Y'KNOW.
STILL...IF YOU TREAT ME TO A DOUBLE-CHEESE PIZZA, I'LL TELL YOU WHERE I GOT THE NAME WINDUP FROM.
IT'S A SHAME GOG GOT INTO THIS FIGHT, BUT HE'S TOO DANGEROUS TO IGNORE.
PUNCHES AREN'T DOING MUCH GOOD.
LEVERAGE IS THE KEY! SWING AROUND BEHIND HIM. GET HIM TO REACH BACK--
--THEN SNAG HIS ARMS WITH MY WEBBING!
GOTCHA!
THAT SHOULD HOLD HIM FOR A WHILE SO WE CAN FINISH OFF THE REST OF THE SAD-SACK SIX.
BWOK

UH-OH! SPIDER-SENSE TINGLING! THAT HAS TO BE THE LOVING ARMS OF DOC OCK REACHING OUT FOR A WARM EMBRACE!
IT PAINS ME TO SAY YOU WEB-WARRIOR FOOLS ARE MORE FORMIDABLE THAN I THOUGHT. THUS, I AM FORCED INTO THE FRAY AS THE DECISIVE FACTOR.
WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD. WE'RE TOO WELL-OILED A MACHINE TO BE BEAT, DOC!
REALLY? HOW MUCH LONGER CAN YOU AVOID MY EVER-GRASPING ARMS?
OH, LONG ENOUGH TO SHOOT A FEW WEBS YOUR WAY AND COVER YOUR BIG MOUTH!
THWIP
WEBS EASILY DEFLECTED BY TWO ARMS WHILE THE SECOND TWO TRAP YOURS.
BLAST IT! HE'S GOT ME!
GOG-- MY SON. FREE YOURSELF--
--AND HELP ME SQUASH A SPIDER!
RRRARR!!!

HOLD IT, BIG GUY! BEFORE YOU GO RUSHING IN, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU *HAVE* TO HEAR!
DOCTOR OCTOPUS HAS HAD YOU AND THE REST OF HIS WORKERS UNDER RADIATION-INDUCED *MENTAL DOMINATION* FOR YEARS! YOU'VE GOT TO PUSH THROUGH IT!
GOG-- REMEMBER HOW SPIDER-MAN APPROACHED YOU, DEFENSELESS, WILLING TO RISK HIS *LIFE* ON THE *FAITH* HE HAD IN YOUR GOOD NATURE?
NOW LOOK AT THIS MAN YOU CALL YOUR *MENTOR*-- YOUR ADOPTIVE *FATHER*. YOU SAID HE WAS A MAN OF *PEACE* AND *NOBLE* INTENTIONS.
FREE YOUR MIND, GOG!
WOULD A MAN OF PEACE LAUNCH SUCH A BRUTAL *ASSAULT?* WHAT KIND OF MAN IS CAPABLE OF *THAT?*
GRRRR-- NO!
TH-THIS C-CANNOT BE! FATHER WOULD N-NEVER...
--ARRH!
THOOM
ONCE I HAVE DISPOSED OF YOU, THE REST WILL FALL QUICKLY.
ACK! *PAIN!* MUST CONCENTRATE...
NO TIRED WITTICISMS BEFORE I *CRUSH* YOUR SKULL?
MFFF... GIMME A MINUTE HERE, DOC.
HUH?!
GOG!
SHRAK
NO MORE, FATHER! I HAVE LEARNED THE *TRUTH!* I AM *FREE* OF THE MENTAL HOLD YOU USED TO ENSURE MY LOYALTY!
WHEW! TALK ABOUT A NICK-OF-TIME SAVE!
TODAY I *CLAIM* MY *FREEDOM!*
TODAY I *BECOME* MY OWN *MAN!*
BRAKKT

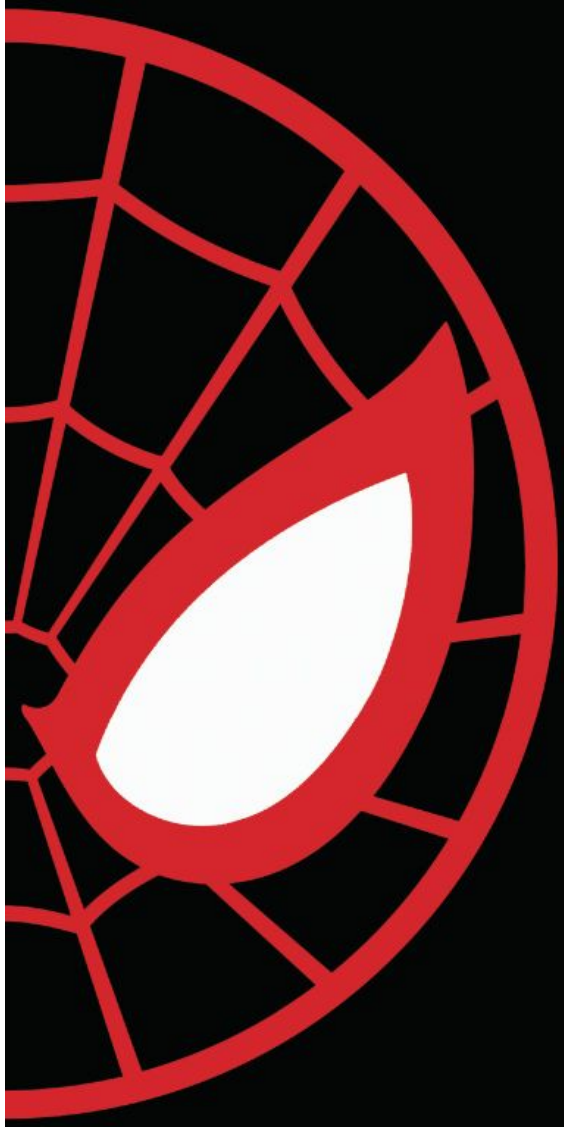
YOU MUST BELIEVE ME, GOG. I ALWAYS HAD YOUR BEST INTEREST AT HEART. YOU WERE THE SON I NEVER HAD.
WE CAN STILL SALVAGE A VICTORY. DESTROY THESE INTERLOPERS AND WE CAN HAVE A GLORIOUS FUTURE TOGETHER. PLEASE!
BAH! GROVELING AND LYING IN THE SAME BREATH! YOU DISGUST ME! I AM ASHAMED TO EVER HAVE CALLED A MONSTER SUCH AS YOU FATHER.
Later...
WELL, THAT WRAPS IT UP. THE COPS ARE COMING TO PUT THESE BOZOS IN THE CLINK.
I WAS THINKIN'...WITH THIS GIG SHUT DOWN, MAYBE THE MONIKER SINISTER SIX OPENS UP AS A NEW BAND NAME. GOTTA RUN IT BY MY LAWYERS. HATE THE LEGAL STUFF.
HOBIE--PLEASE. GOG, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
FIRST, LET ME THANK YOU ALL FOR LIBERATING ME. MY LIFE IS NOW MY OWN.
AND DOC OCK SAID YOU COULDN'T GROW TO YOUR FULL HEIGHT BECAUSE OF HIS MENTAL CONTROL. THAT'S OUT OF THE PICTURE, SO WHAT'RE YOU WAITING FOR?
I...I AM ALMOST AFRAID TO MAKE AN ATTEMPT.
WHAT IF THERE WAS MORE TO MY RETENTION OF THIS DIMINUTIVE SIZE THAN HIS BRAINWASHING?
WHAT IF I FAIL?
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT. AND THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.
WE BELIEVE IN YOU, GOG.
NOW YOU NEED TO.


HA! AT LAST-- I AM THE HEIGHT OF A MATURE MALE TSILN-- THREE HUNDRED FEET.
YOU HAVE MY PROFOUND *THANKS,* WEB-WARRIORS. I AM GRATEFUL BEYOND MEASURE.
NOW I WILL TOUCH MY TELEPORTATION BANDS TOGETHER AND, HOPEFULLY...
...I WILL SOON BE AMONG THOSE WHOSE FACES I HAVE ALMOST FORGOTTEN. MY FRIENDS... MY *FAMILY.*
HIT THAT HIGH NOTE, BABY!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU GUYS, BUT I DIG HAPPY ENDINGS.
YEP. THE ONLY THING LEFT IS TO HAVE ONE OF US STAY BEHIND WHEN THE AUTHORITIES SHOW UP, TO MAKE SURE THESE CLOWNS STAY HOG-TIED.
SPEAKING OF HOGS, AS LEADER OF THIS INTREPID GROUP, I NOMINATE *SPIDER-HAM* TO STICK AROUND TO SEE TO THE EXPLANATIONS WITH THE POLICE.
HEY, *NO FAIR!* THAT'S OUT-AND-OUT *SPECIES DISCRIMINATION!*
HEY, YOU SHOWED OFF OUR TECH TO DOC OCK, I THOUGHT YOU LIKED YUKKING IT UP WITH SUPER VILLAINS.
YOU'RE THE BEST, LI'L BUDDY. BYE!
SO, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA BE ROOMIES FOR A WHILE, GUYS.
JUST TO KEEP IT FROM GETTING STALE, DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME SPIDER-PUNK, SPIDER-GWEN AND I SAVED THE MULTIVERSE FROM A CRAZY HARRY OSBORN?
NO... PLEASE... NO.
OKAY THEN. HERE'S HOW IT ALL STARTED...
The End.

NEW YORK.
TODAY.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
WHAT-- ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
THIS REALLY HAPPENED.
SUBJUGATION.
SO GET ON YOUR KNEES...

I AM
BLACKHEART,
SON OF MEPHISTO, PRINCE OF THE UNDERWORLDS!
YOUR DIMENSION IS NOW LOST TO YOU.
IT IS MINE.
SO YOU CAN BEG FOR YOUR LIFE...OR DIE WITH THE FALLEN.

SPIDER-MAN



High schooler Miles Morales was bitten by a stolen, genetically altered Spider that grants him incredible arachnid-like powers.

This is a secret he has shared only with his best friend Ganke and his father.

Ganke is helping Miles figure out how to be Spider-Man. It's way harder than it looks.

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
writer

SARA PICHELLI
artist

GAETANO CARLUCCI
inking assist

JUSTIN PONSOR
color

VC'S CORY PETIT
lettering

SARA PICHELLI AND JUSTIN PONSOR
cover art

MARK BAGLEY, DEXTER VINES AND ANDREW CROSSLEY (CLASSIC); ADI GRANOV (HIP-HOP); MICHAEL CHO; SKOTTIE YOUNG
variant cover artists

IDETTE WINECOOR
title page design

DEVIN LEWIS
assistant editor

NICK LOWE
editor

AXEL ALONSO
editor in chief

JOE QUESADA
chief creative officer

DAN BUCKLEY
publisher

ALAN FINE
executive producer

BROOKLYN VISIONS ACADEMY, BROOKLYN. EARLIER...
MILES MORALES, GO TO HELL.
JULIE.
YOU BEG ME FOR A WEEK TO GO OUT WITH YOU-- *BEG ME*--AND THEN YOU MAKE ME WAIT FOR AN HOUR!
THE TRAFFIC--
TRAFFIC?!
YOU'RE NOT EVEN SUPPOSED TO LEAVE SCHOOL GROUNDS.
I REALLY WAS LOOKING FORW--
LET ME--
STOP.
I'M SERIOUS.
WEIRDO.
SO...
WHEN'S THE WEDDING?
GANKE.

I DID NOT APPROVE OF THIS DATE TO BEGIN WITH.
OH, COME ON!
SHE'S INSANELY HOT.
SHE'S RATHER UNPLEASANT.
WHY DO I FIND THAT SO ATTRACTIVE?
PROBABLY BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN HIT ON THE HEAD BY A THOR HAMMER ONE TOO MANY TIMES OR SOMETHING.
I REALLY, REALLY, REALLY WANTED TO MAKE OUT WITH HER.
THERE'S MORE TO A PERSON THAN JUST BEING HOT.
I WAS PERFECTLY WILLING TO SEE IF THERE WAS MORE TO HER.
YOU ARE NOT GOING TO FIND A QUALITY LIFEMATE, LET ALONE SOMEONE WHO WILL JUST MAKE OUT WITH YOU, WITH THAT OTHER PART OF YOUR LIFE BEING...
...A BIG, BIG, BIG, BIG DANGEROUS SECRET.
OH, THAT'S RIGHT.
"SORRY I WAS LATE FOR OUR DATE BUT I WAS BUSY SAVING PEOPLE FROM A GUY WHO SHOOTS ELECTRICITY OUT OF HIS FACE."
POW

HONESTLY, I DON'T THINK SHE WOULD HAVE ACCEPTED THAT AS A REASONABLE EXCUSE EITHER.
"SORRY BEING A SUPER HERO DELAYED YOU FROM YOUR NIGHT OF WRITING NASTY COMMENTS ON YOUTUBE OR WHATEVER YOU DO."
DON'T BE THAT WAY.
YOU NEED TO DATE ONE OF YOUR OWN KIND, ANYWAY.
LIKE WHO?
LANA BAUMGARTNER IS MAYBE THE COOLEST GIRL IN THE HISTORY OF COOL.
SHE'S LIKE JOAN JETT COOL. NOT DAZZLER COOL, BUT...
I AM NOT DATING BOMBSHELL.
YOU CAN'T DO BETTER THAN HER.
WE ARE LIKE BROTHER AND SISTER.
NO, WE ARE LIKE BROTHER AND SISTER...
SHE IS LIKE INSANELY COOL GIRL WITH INSANELY COOL BLOW-STUFF-UP POWERS.
SHE DOES HER OWN THING AND SHE GOES TO A DIFFERENT SCHOOL AND SHE BLOWS THINGS UP WITH HER FINGERTIPS OR SOMETHING.
WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT WITH HER?
BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING TO GO OUT WITH THE WOMAN WHO BLOWS THINGS UP WITH HER FINGERTIPS.
I'M DELICATE.
BUT I SHOULD?
YOU HAVE SPIDER-SENSE.
OR SOMETHING...
UH-OH.
WHO IS IT?
IT'S MY MOM.
MAYBE IT'S GOOD NEWS.
HI, MOM.
WHERE ARE YOU?
I'M AT SCHOOL.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
SCHOOL THINGS.
REALLY?

BECAUSE I JUST GOT YOUR MIDTERM GRADES AND ACCORDING TO THIS YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING EVEN REMOTELY CLOSE TO "SCHOOL THINGS"!

HELLO?

UH, HELLO?
MOM, I DID--I JUST DID ONE OF MY PROJECTS WRONG.
ONE OF YOUR PROJECTS? YOU USED TO GET ALL A'S AND B'S.
I'M GOING TO MAKE IT UP.
YOU-- YOU--WHAT IS GOING ON?
ARE YOU ON DRUGS?

DRUGS?

TALK TO HIM!
JEFFERSON, TALK TO YOUR SON!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS.

YOU'VE UPSET YOUR MOTHER.

I'M SORRY.
ARE YOU GOING TO FIX IT?
YES, SIR.

OKAY.
SEE YOU FRIDAY.

CLICK

THAT'S IT?!
"SEE YOU FRIDAY"?!
HE'LL GET IT TOGETHER.

YELLING AT HIM IS NOT GOING TO MAGICALLY MAKE HIS GRADES BETTER.
HE SAID HE'LL GET IT TOGETHER, HE WILL.

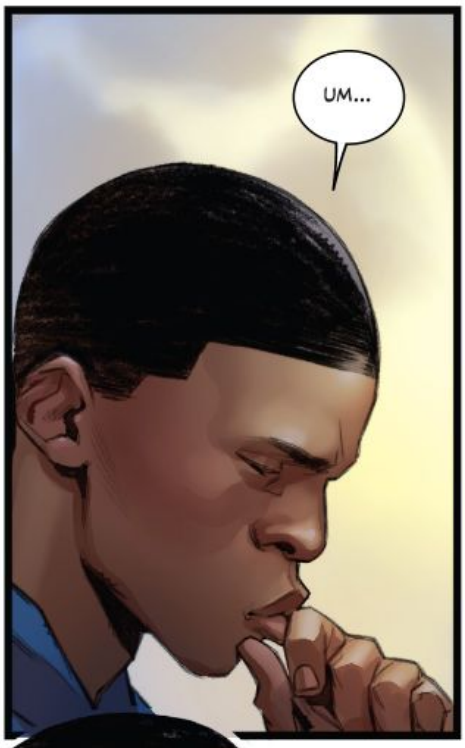
"TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD!"

I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU: WHAT DID YOU LEARN IN THE FIRST CHAPTER ABOUT MAYCOMB, ATTICUS FINCH AND HIS FAMILY?
LET'S SEE: WHO WANTS TO GO FIRST...

MILES... ATTICUS FINCH.
WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS?

UM...I HAVEN'T FINISHED THE BOOK YET.
I'M ALMOST FINISHED.

THIS IS JUST FIRST-CHAPTER STUFF.
JUST YOUR OVERALL FEELINGS.


UM...

WHAT ON EARTH COULD YOU HAVE BEEN DOING THAT WAS MORE IMPORTANT THAN READING THIS BOOK?

LOTS OF KIDS IN THE WORLD DON'T HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO GROW AND ADVANCE THEMSELVES IN A CLASSROOM LIKE THIS.
LOTS OF KIDS WOULD BE MAKING THE MOST OF THE OPPORTUNITY.
DID ANYONE IN THE ROOM ACTUALLY READ THE REQUIRED TEXT?
WEEEEOOOOOWEEEEOOOOOWEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOO
WEEEEOOOOOWEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOO
UM, I HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM.
SIT DOWN, MILES!
I HAVE TO GO.
WEEEEOOOOOWEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOO
AND I SAID: NO!
BATHROOMS ARE FOR PARTICIPANTS.
SIT DOWN.

NO.
MILES!!
SORRY.
WEEEEOOOOOWEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOO
MILES!!
SORRY!!
(REALLY...)
WEEEEOOOOOWEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOO
WHAT HAS GOTTEN INTO HIM?
WHEN YOU HAVE TO GO, YOU HAVE TO GO...
WEEEEOOOOOWEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOO
AND THE MAN HAS TO GO.
WELL, I BETTER FIGURE OUT A WAY TO MAKE SOME MONEY BEING SPIDER-MAN BECAUSE THE WAY IT'S GOING I'M GOING TO FLUNK RIGHT OUT OF SCHOOL.
MAYBE I CAN WORK CHILDREN'S BIRTHDAY PARTIES OR BE ONE OF THOSE GUYS IN TIMES SQUARE THAT--
BOOM
WEEEEOOOOOWEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOO
OKAY, THAT WAS AN EXPLOSION.
THIS MANY FIRE TRUCKS AND AMBULANCES AND NOW THERE'S AN EXPLOSION?
SOMETHING'S GOING DOWN.
TIME TO FOCUS.
16
HEY, THIS ISN'T MY FIRST TIME IN THE COSTUME...
I'M SURE IT'S NOTHING I CAN'T--
OH--

SCHOOL BUS
THWAAAP
THWIPP

JEEZ.
HI.
TAKE MY HAND.
YOU'RE SAFE. YOU'RE OKAY.
BOOM
YO, SPIDER-MAN!!
UH, NOT TO TELL YOU YOUR JOB OR NOTHIN' BUT MAYBE YOU SHOULD BE HEADING TOWARD THE CRAZY EXPLOSIONS!
WE'LL HELP THEM!
DAMN. HE'S RIGHT!
YEAH, DUH, OF COURSE!
TAKE MY HAND!
GO SPIDEY, GO!
WHAT IS-- WHAT IS GOING ON?
MY LEG!
THAT WAS NUTS!
WHAT IS GOING ON?
THIS SOME KIND OF INVASION? OR SOME KIND OF MUTANT OR INHUMAN THING OR...?
JEEZ, HOPE THE AVENGERS ARE ON THEIR WAY TOWARDS THIS AS WELL BECAUSE THIS LOOKS...
BOOMMM
UH-OH...

CAPTAIN AMERICA VERSUS BIG BAD GUY.
GOT IT.
CAP, I GOT YOUR--!!
FA BOOM
THIS IS ALL MINE!!

OW.
EARS ARE RINGING. THAT'S ANNOYING.
OOF.
MAYBE STALL IT.
SEE IF YOU CAN GET IT TO TALK WHILE YOU FIGURE OUT HOW TO STOP IT.
HEY, UH, YOU.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
WHAT-- ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
SUBJUGATION.
SO GET ON YOUR KNEES!!
IF I DO, IT'LL ONLY BE 'CAUSE MY KNEES BUCKLED FROM THE SMELL.
THWIPP
THWIPP
THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN FUNNY EXCEPT HE REALLY, REALLY DOES SMELL REALLY, REALLY BAD.
LIKE A CAT POOPED ON ANOTHER CAT'S POOP.
AND THAT POOP WAS MADE OUT OF--UH-OH.

IS HE REALLY A DEMON FROM HELL?
IS THAT WHAT THIS IS? THAT IS UPSETTING.
HOLY CRAP!!!
THWIP
HEY, SO, ANY BIG-VILLAIN MONOLOGUE IN YOU?
I KNOW THEY'VE KIND OF FALLEN OUT OF FAVOR LATELY BUT I'D LOVE TO HEAR WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.
YOU KNOW, AS SOON AS YOU GET THIS JUNK OFF YOUR FACE.
SPACK
GYYAAAGGHH!!
OH MY GOD, DO I?
DO I DARE??
GUESS I DO DARE.
(I HOPE SOMEONE'S FILMING THIS.)
I WILL BURN THE FLESH FROM YOUR--

CLANG
GAAGGH!!!
ZZAAATT
AGH!

NNAAAGGHH!
OW!
WHAT DID YOU DO??!!
WELL, IT'S INTERESTING.
IT'S A VENOM BLAST, TRADEMARK ME, BUT IT SEEMS TO REALLY BE DOING A NUMBER ON YOUR RATHER DEMONIC CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM, WHICH IS JUST GOOD LUCK FOR ME BECAUSE--
I WILL RETURN AND I WILL DESTROY YOU!!!
UM...
YOU DON'T HAVE TO...
(MR. SATAN, SIR.)
WHAT DID YOU DO?
OH NO...

WHAT DID YOU DO?!
TO BE CONTINUED...

ZONE